

Ouch! My CEO Fiancé Fell For His Maid

Chapter 32

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"But for those babies, you also need a man in your life, Ashley." That made me quiet. He put his arm around me making my head lean on his shoulder, "Not just any man, Ash, but someone who will give you the love you deserve."

We were silent for a few minutes, "What about you, Justin? Don't you want to get married and have kids?"

He did not answer that. I looked up and found him looking down at me. There was something in his amber eyes that was making my insides go liquid.

"I would when the time will be right." He shifted back the hair strand off my face.

Right time? Did he mean Sarah?

And that reminded me why I was there last night in the first place.

"What is it, Ashley?" He asked me gently, "Are you cold?" He wrapped his other arm around me.

"N...No. No, Justin. I am not cold." I tried to sit straight but could not under his arms' weight.

Holding my chin between his fingers he lifted my face. I was avoiding eye contact with him, "Look up, kitten. Tell me. There is something on your mind."

I had no idea how to bring up the subject. Something that seemed not so difficult last night was proving to be quite challenging now.

"Justin. You might get angry. I just..." He frowned and put his arms under my thighs and behind my back, Hey!" I squealed, "What are you doing?"

He lifted me up with great ease as if I weighed nothing and made me sit on his lap, "Why do you think I will get angry, Ashley? Tell me. Is someone bullying you?"

He asked me sternly as if he was my father. I swallowed the laughter that erupted in my chest and placed my forehead on his to exhale a sigh.

"Justin. Last night..." I closed my eyes, "Last night,... I met, Sarah." I completed it quickly and did not open

my eyes.

His body went rigid under me.

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"Where?" His tone suddenly had gone from friendly to frosty one. Like he might kill someone if he would get a chance.

"I... I... I am..."

"Come on, Ashley. Speak up. Where she met you?"

I started playing with the sleeve of his t-shirt, "It's not important, Justin where I met him. The thing is... If possible ... I mean... Justin... what I mean to say is..."

"Ashley!" His tone carrying this edge sent chills down my spine.

I placed my head on his shoulder and squeezed my eyes shut, "Bring her back, Justin." I spoke quickly.

Silence.

That's what I heard after I was done.

Damn, you, Sarah. I was having a good time with him and here your name created this tension.

Very gently he placed me on the bed and shifted to the edge of the bed so that he could stand up.

I panicked when he did not respond, "Justin. Are you leaving? Where are you going?"

He stood up and picked up his car keys and wallet from the nightstand, "Sit tight. I will be back within half an hour." He put on his shades and looked more handsome than ever, "I need to ask her why she is involving you in this matter!"

He marched to the door. When I understood what he was going to do, I ran after him.

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"Justin. Stop!" He had reached the corridor when I hugged him from behind, "Please don't go to her. Listen to me first."

"Leave me, Ashley." He placed his hand on my hands holding him by the waist, "I need to end this at once."

What was he talking about? There was enough rift between these two just because of me. Now he was making it worse.

I did not want anyone to blame me for pulling them apart.

Without losing my grip, I walked around him and stood in front. I did not give a damn if anyone might witness seeing us standing so close.

"Justin. A few minutes back, you asked me to share everything with you. Please don't react so harshly."

"This is not about you, Ashley. It's about her. It's about me." He snarled making me shiver. I never witnessed this side of him. He had always been a friendly fellow around me.

"Justin! Please." So many tears started rolling down my cheeks, "Please Justin." I did not know what I was begging for. But I was tense.

Scared.

"Justin." I hiccupped and that made his body turn into a marshmallow.

"Now... are you crying?" He asked me worriedly, "I told you it's not about you..."

"Justin. She is your fiancé. Right?" I pleaded.

"And Ashley Walters! Who are you?" There was this intensity in his voice, "Care to tell me?" That made me quiet, and I stopped crying, "Listen to me, Kitten. I am Justin Deluca and I never go back on my word. Anyone who pisses you or tries to harm you will be out of the Deluca mansion. Have I made myself clear?"

He would kick people out if they will...?

That means that Helga and Sean...

Oh my God! I started laughing hysterically. Tears again started slipping down my face.

"Ashley! Kitten!"

"Justin. Nobody cared for me this much. Nobody..." I could not speak further and nuzzled my face in his chest. His scent was the only thing that could relax me at that time.

"Ashley!" He called me again, but I did not look up.

"She is your fiancé. Just give her a chance. Every one of us deserves a chance, Justin."

This time he held my head with both hands and made me look up, "If any day I will make some blunder then will you give me a chance too, Ashley Walters?" His question caught me off guard.

Why was he asking such an absurd question?

Tell me, Ashley Walters. Will you give me a chance?"

Not understanding, why he was asking me, I nodded without thinking much.

"Promise?" He asked me with childlike innocence. How many sides had he got?

I again nodded and sniffed my nose, "Promise."

He fist his t-shirt in one hand and offered it to me. I chewed my lower lip to bite back the smile and this time accepted the offer.

After all what could be the better option to wipe your nose than a soft t-shirt that smells of Justin's cologne?